

Woodwind

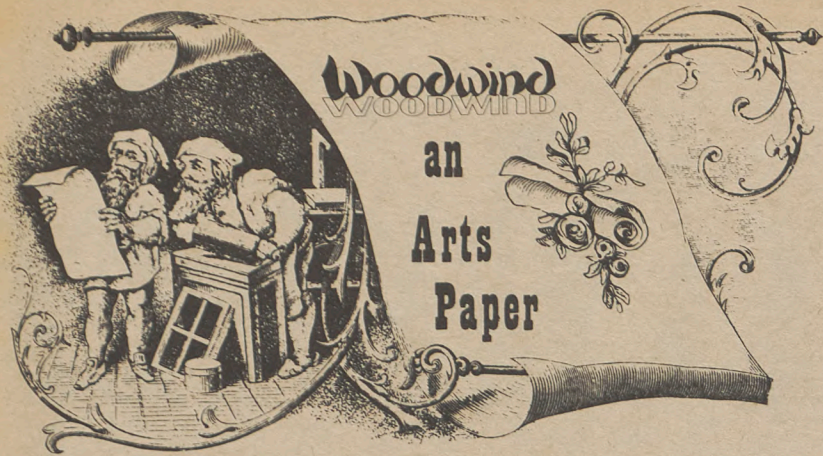
WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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WOODWIND is a community oriented Arts paper, and in being so, one of our primary functions is to publish new local artists and writers. If you are interested in having your work published please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction, art reviews and short features. Poetry is not ruled out, but we do have a huge backlog.

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JUSTIFIED POEM

Appearances such as this
become poems such as this one,
these boys of mine and of others
turned into men.

Straight and so evenly spaced they stand,
character in their faces,
carved into courage!
What were they before
this boot camp graduation,
with their wild scribbles
going on and on?
Well, they are in perspective now
and I must admit
I have always felt pleased
viewing their overnight maturation.

Look at them: Sharp as tacks!

William Holland

Woodwind
WOODWIND

quadraphonic

WHFS
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Elegy

by David Wham

I came home easy, came loping over the lawns of the Capitol to cross over and take the steps of the Supreme Court three at a bound and run through that vast promenade to the yellow-brick walk of the Wizard of Oz, to go skipping and running down the street past politicoes and sexpots, to make the park in a charge and meet Rachel already running toward me at the gate of the church, running as though a dandelion could have legs, her moony hair flapping in rags, her ragged coat frayed but clean. For we had made it. We had sustained the fight. Neither of us had broken. We were strong and well together, fighters of one faith, one heart, running in the dying sun (she on my shoulders), a single shadow among busses and the tooting horns of trucks delivering their goods to market. People stopped to stare, to see how we ran; children no longer called us honkies, no longer gave the finger, but wished us well and smiled at the baby.

"Me got lollies in here," she shrieked, and we took the door, crashing, on the eager charge, ready to get inside with one another, to yell and carry on (me to drink beer, her to tilt up the juice in her bottle) and ripping off clothes, laughing, she went to her bath with a sassy waddle. There is probably my most poignant memory of her, sitting crosswise in the tub with her toes sticking over the rim, her torso flushed against the white tile wall, her mouth open nonstop on that yodelling, singing way she had to her. Pure noise. Pure, utter noise - only the kind your child can make around you, self-possessed, unconcerned.

"Daddy? Daddy? Come in here, Daddy."

And into her singsong call I'd go, not to do anything, just to sit on the toilet lid, drink beer, and watch. She was such a joy. She was all rosy under the great single feather of that soft, whitish hair. She swam about with grace and impatience, thrusting, darting, her arms sudden silver in the light as they emerged. She bellied up on her knees, squeezing her tummy forward, staring at it, and then collapsed back on her haunches into the water, like a sprung accordion, chuckling low down in a confident way. What's that? she asked, pointing at her peepee. Oh, that's where you make lots of things. Lots of things? Oh, yes; as various, as many as in the zoo, Rachel. And then she'd look at me and laugh in that shrill, heart-pointed way; and she had a great laugh, a glee and a crying in her eyes as she did so. Life for this child would be bitter-sweet, would be hard, would be felt through and through, but she would live it. No punch-pulling for my little girl. She settled down into the party of her bath, began spanking plastic buckets and soggy sponges, getting them all in line in a healthy, rough way as I had once had to get her in line. She knew the score. Rachel was alive. I had seen her through summer, we had triumphed. And now came September, bringing that cool distance that would separate and distend. . . .

I was pushing Rachel on a swing by the school, just off Stanton Park. It was chilly September. The windows of the school were alight in the early dusk and on them were the cut-outs that the children had made. A few older boys were playing basketball on the blacktop playground, and their younger sisters were riding about them on bikes, skidding and crashing. Rachel sat in a lump in the canvas swing, totally engrossed in her own motion, softly chuckling with each push. She swung smooth in the twilight, her face shut down around a mysterious smile, her mind and heart content with her own being.

Wasn't this better? Even if they took her from me now, wasn't this better that she had been kept by her daddy, been toughened, been made to stand up, been made to stop snuffling, been at times crushed and pinioned by children of another kind, from another world, black children who did not treat her like a toy but another child instead?

At this time, Rachel had no problems. In late afternoon, Rachel felt a human being within herself as she mounted higher and higher into the sky. No play-pretty, no robot, nobody you could lie to.

"Push!" she cried. "Push! Push me up, Daddy, Push!"

It was her own voice that rang through that playground, loud as anyone else's as the night came down, sending us home.

Now Rachel lay restless at this hour in the morning, four o'clock. She kicked her leg, hard, against the slats of her crib, and turned over, breathing with ragged frustration. I poked my head up, looking in at her.

"Something wrong, sweetie?"

No answer.

"Are you all right, Rachel?"

No answer, but awareness, wakefulness; I could tell her little ears were listening.

"Milk?"

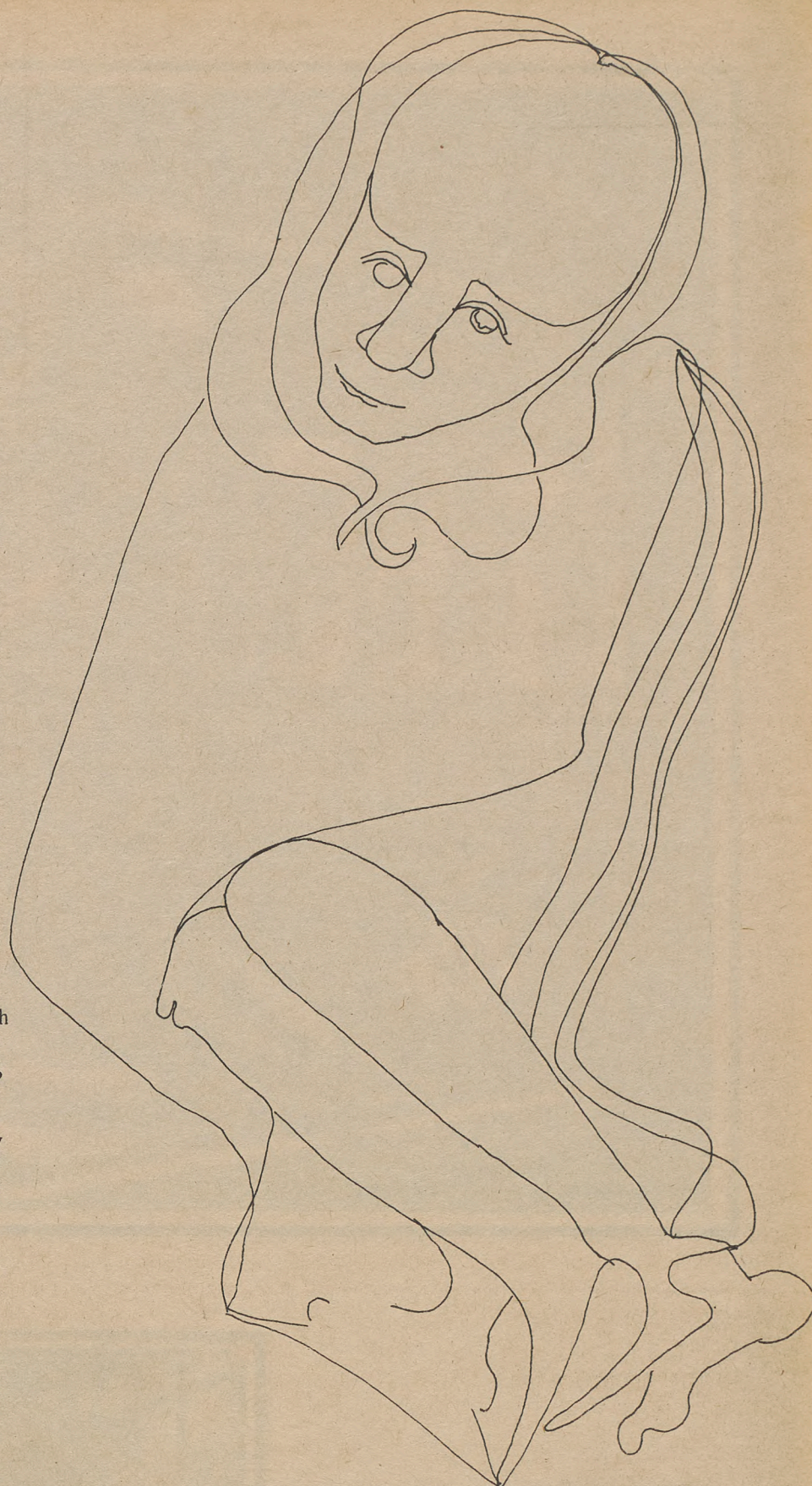
"Unh."

I got up, went into the main room, and filled it from the carton in the ice-box. She took it from my hands and plopped it into her mouth, watchful. I reached down into the crib. She felt moist with sweat but she had not wet herself. She smiled up at me. I kept my hands there, on the damp and small essence of her. My child. After the party of life, it was all you had. Rachel picked up my hand and put it to her cheek, rocking her head, looking long at me. Through a foot of moonrays we stared into each other's eyes and smiled without a sound, knowing the other and knowing ourselves.

Truly that was a benediction, if there was to be one.

On the night before the trial for custody I went in to look at my baby in the bath. She was so beautiful that tears started coming out of my eyes. They were coming down my cheeks now but I didn't wipe them away. She was so happy that I just had to keep looking at her and the tears coming thick now and when she glanced up, I said, "Hi, Rachel. Am I your sweetie at last?"

"Yeah. You my sweetie. You my sweetie, Daddy," welled that soft, low voice and then the crinkly smile. And the tears blindingly came now and I thought I'd just leave her a minute more, she was so merry and so rosy in her bath.



"Hi, sweetie."

"Hi, Daddy."

"You gotta go peepee?"

"Un-huh."

"You gotta go bad?"

"No."

"Okay. Here." I pulled the pajama top off her and pushed down the bottoms the Pampers. She had not wet all night. She stood drowsily before me with her pale-gold and wheat body, and I put over her head last year's red Xmas dress that still fit like a shirt. And pulled up her underpants and long trousers with her stepping lazily to get into them, her head in my gut. When she had peed and put her socks and shoes on (wrong feet the first try), I carried her around the corner in my arms and down the steps of the vulturish-looking, grey-stone Baptist church, into the nursery. There all the old mammies were very nice and soft, averting their eyes as before a tragic couple saying goodbye, for they knew the fight over Rachel was up today; they knew what usually happened.

"Rachel?" I did not know what to say, sitting her down on a chair and kneeling at her feet, tying her laces. "Rachel?"

I looked up and her eyes were staring pure blue into mine, blue and questioning, like uncertain pieces of sky.

"Rachel? We've had a good time this long time of having each other, haven't we?"

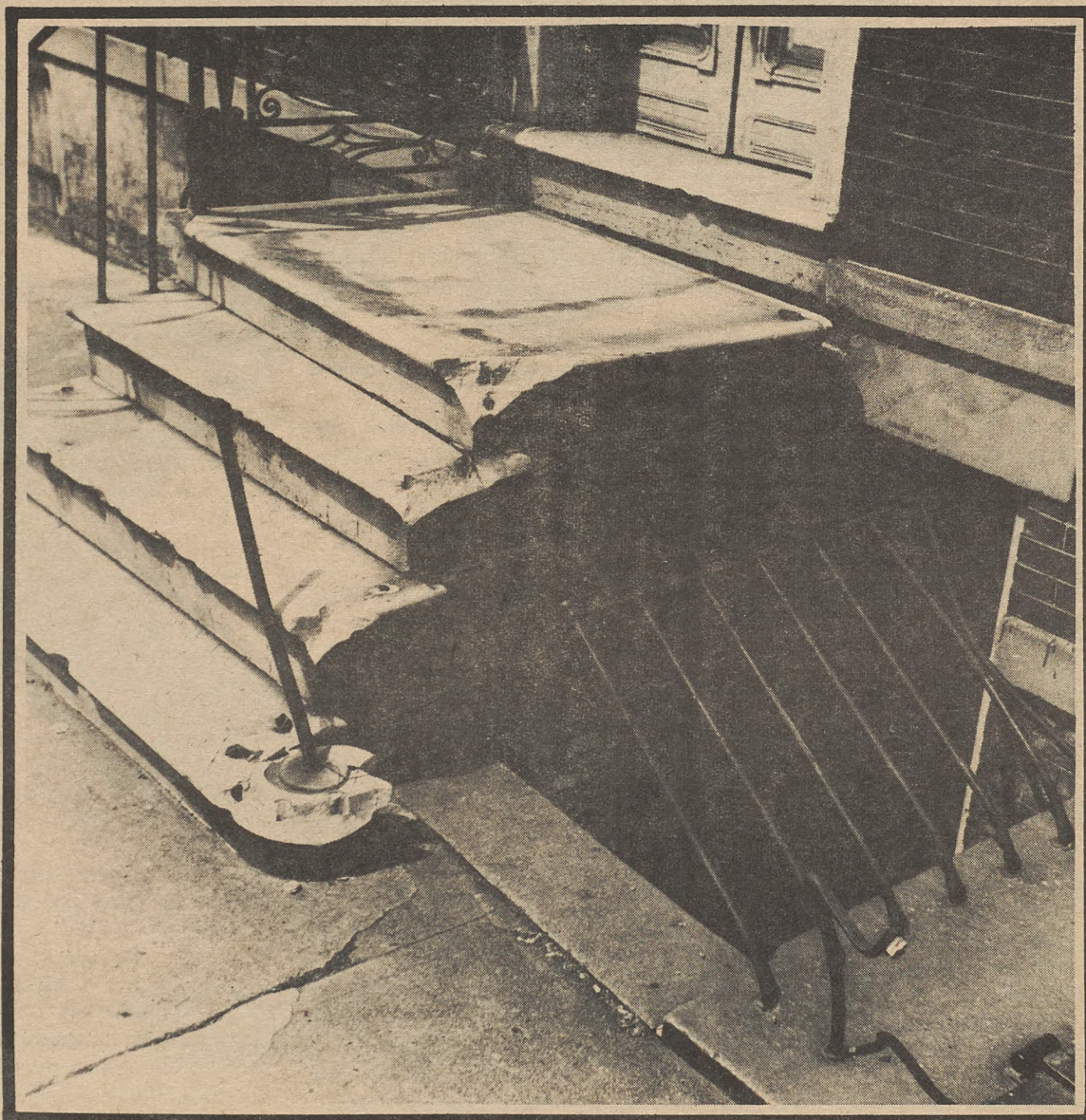
She nodded, nodded very hard and dutifully as if she knew what I was saying. Then I stood up and took her head in my hands and kissed it on its top, not able to look into her eyes any more. I went out the door.

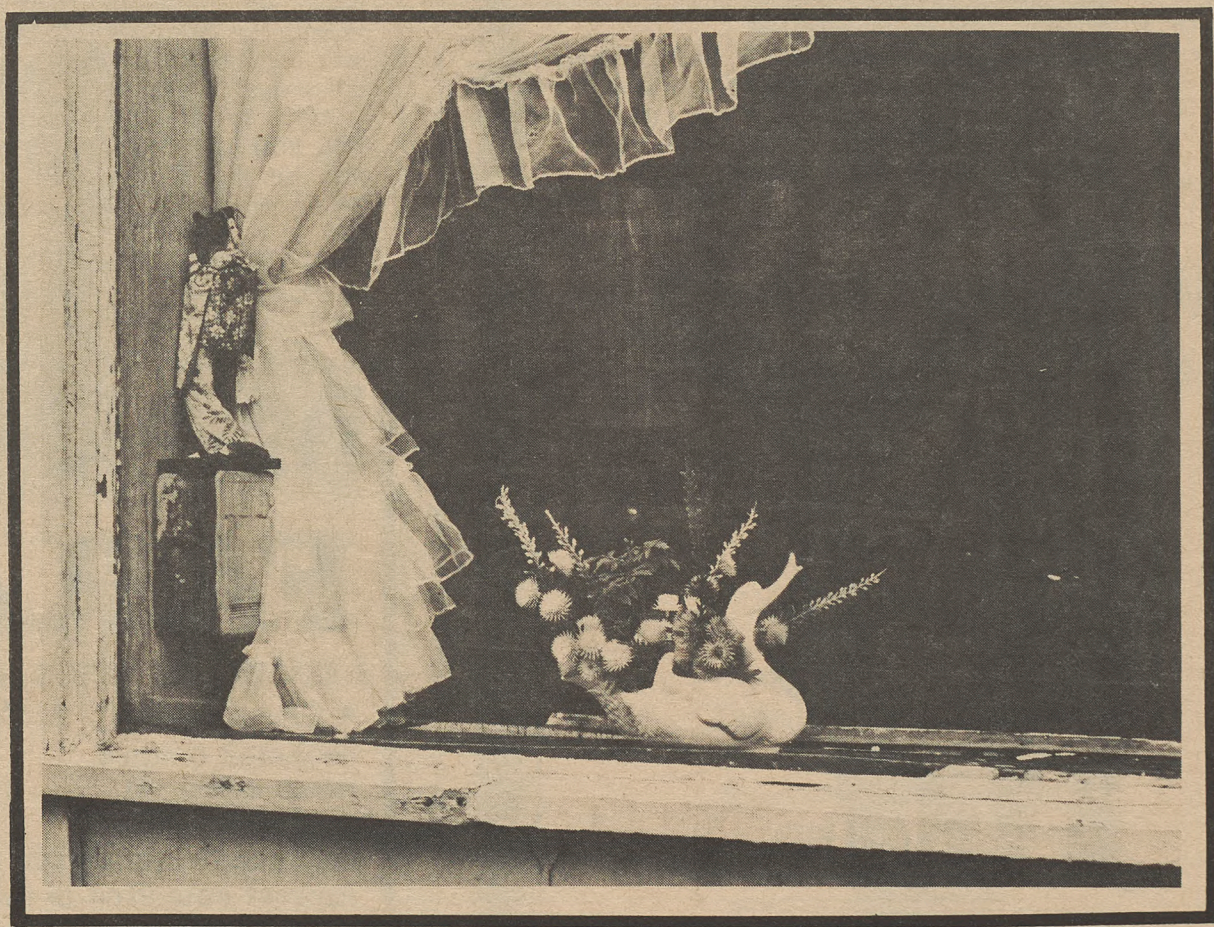
For two weeks following the trial I was cursed with crying. I might be anywhere when it started. It especially was bad when I went home for the first time, without Rachel. I saw her. I actually saw her propped in the tub crosswise, moon-haired, gaudy as a peach among the suds. Saw her and then didn't see her, as I fell against the door, sprawled crying toward her vacant room, dizzy, the sobs coming out of me as thick as cannon shots, screaming MURDERERS, YOU FRIGHTENED MURDERERS, for it was really as though she had been killed. Her empty crib was a yawning echo of what had been done.

+++++



PHOTOS BY
Margaret Tackney





performance

ned chaillet

A CONFLICT OF INTEREST By JAY BROAD

A World Premiere at Arena Stage

HERE COMES A RAZZ-MA-TAZZ review of a razz-ma-tazz old-fashioned, well-made melodrama that knowingly and skillfully stirs the dramatic juices, happily drawing the audience into its labyrinthine ways.

Jay Broad's play is the latest of that intermittent breed, the Washington political play, and, with no pretensions to profundity, one of the most successful. From the moment the lights come up, the audience is caught in the steamroller path of what could be a constitutional crisis.

Honest, decent and moral Jacob Balding, Supreme Court Justice and husband, has been accused by Joe Farnsworth, a newspaper columnist suspiciously reminiscent of a certain Jack A., of accepting tainted money while a Supreme Court Justice. It may have been done in innocence, but it was done, and Justice Jake intends to make a clean breast of it at a press conference in the morning. This he would do, beyond a doubt, despite the advice of his wife and his former law partner, Lew Amory, except that President Willie Maxwell demands his resignation at that press conference.

President Willie's manipulations, aimed specifically at Justice Jake, smack of treachery, and the suspicion arises that Justice Jake is being framed by the White House. And indeed he is. It then becomes a moral issue for Jake, who unveils an absurd madness in the Chief Executive.

A moral, liberal Chief Justice jumps into the game, on Jake's side, and a racist, charming Southern stereotype, er, Senator, begins to play his hand for President Willie. More than this I will not say, for the joy of this play, of this type of play, is in the dramatic machinery at work. And here the machinery pushes surely from a painless exposition to an exciting climax and inspiring denouement, which, all in all, is pretty rare nowadays.

My tongue may indeed be somewhat in my cheek as I reprise the play, but it is sure and effective theatre machinery almost fully realized under the direction of Jerry Adler, and I do recommend this stage version before it pops up on the screen of your, in the words of Harlan Ellison, glass teat. Because it should work very well on television, it'll probably get there, but if it does it will probably lose some of its local color in the form of Washington politico audiences.

In the tradition of good melodrama, there's a lot of villainy to hiss at in this play, and the loudest hissing was directed at the play's most blatantly sexist statements, and racist wisecracks are part of Jay Broad's Washington, probably with a good deal of justification, and statements from President Willie like, "Remember, you run the kitchen, I run the country," set the tone for the evening.

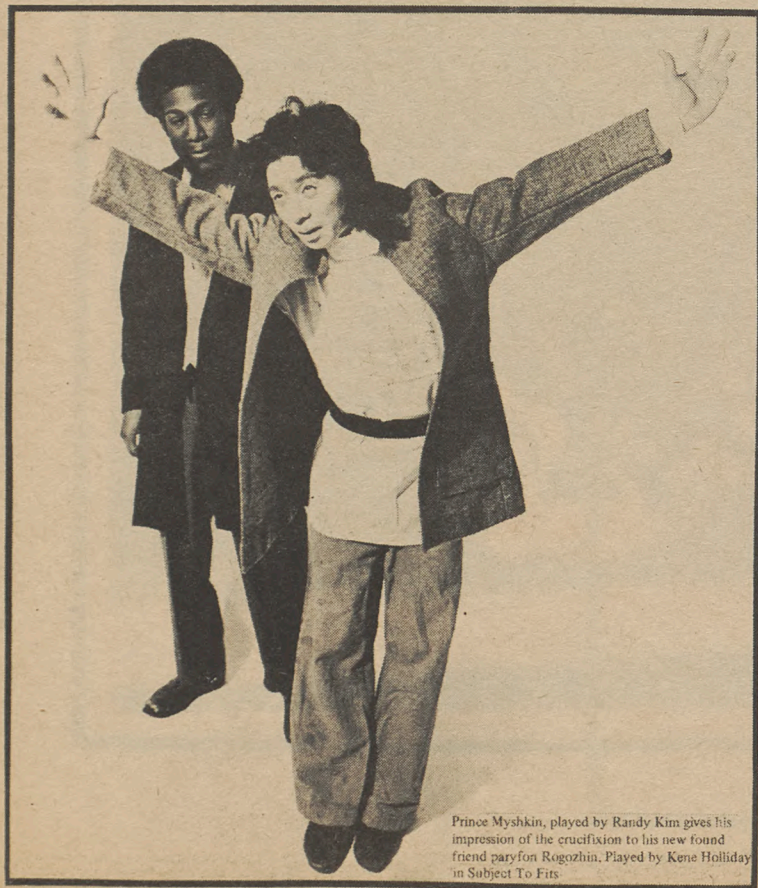
But I doubt that it was necessary to reduce the women completely to behind-the-scenes objects who iron jackets and grace an occasional living room. After all, this is the era of Martha Mitchell, and she may cook breakfast for her family, but she doesn't stay too far behind scenes. And then there's Bella Abzug and Shirley Chisholm in Congress.

In defense of Women's dignity, count this as another hiss at the play.

Although the play had its germ of creation in the Abe Fortas case, there's very little left of recognizable Washington figures in this finished version. Even with outward signs rampant, like the Justice with a penchant for young girls, and the President who comes across like a wooden Indian on television, you couldn't really mistake any characters for real.

The play is Broad's fantasy, from the liberal side, of Allen Drury's Washington. It's well staged, competently acted, sometimes charmingly acted, and thoroughly engrossing. It's certainly worth a couple more good hisses.

+++++



Prince Myshkin, played by Randy Kim gives his impression of the crucifixion to his new found friend paryfon Rogozhin. Played by Kene Holliday in Subject To Fits

Photo by Robin Moyer

SUBJECT TO FITS By ROBERT MONTGOMERY at the Folger

MAGICAL, MUSICAL AND MAD, Robert Montgomery's SUBJECT TO FITS is a headlong confrontation with the genius of Doestoyevski's novel THE IDIOT. Because the theatre piece is nothing like a novel and everything like theatre, it vibrates, throbs, jumps and moves as the most exciting piece of theatre to be produced by a Washington theatre this year.

That so much life should be brought to stage by the Folger isn't surprising for the Folger has been steadily moving toward excellence with a challenging selection of plays unmatched by any area theatre in daring. Moreover, SUBJECT TO FITS, is so nearly fulfilled as a total performance, that one can only hope for greater daring in the future.

But for now, one should bathe in, luxuriate in, and rejoice in the images and sounds and explosions that occur on stage in Montgomery's mad vision. The fable of the Christly innocent, Prince Myshkin, in a world of lusts and temptations with his epileptic fits, becomes here a vision of life as a series of fits, violent and passionate with occasional temptations to godliness.

In Montgomery's shattering approach to the story, the characters become their own symbols; broken away from the traditional means of character development, they physicalize their inner beings. Lebedev becomes a dog, offering his body on a leash to Paryfon Rogzhin and the Prince. Rogzhin ritually enacts a knife fetishist, jealously guarding Natasha Fillipovna from men and the purity of the Prince. And the Prince: in a canny, intelligent portrayal, Randy Kim as the Prince becomes a catalyst of passion ever protected from passion and violence through the integrity of his affliction.

Director Paul Schneider has made good use of the words and music provided by Montgomery. Allowing no breakdown in the fast-moving, funny interchanges, he, with music director Louis Fantasia, gooses the action continually with electric piano, cello and electric bass. Though not all the cast can sing all the parts required, he uses the voices that can sing effectively and gives the total performance a post-Brechtian musical effectiveness by keeping the interplay constant.

The snake pit set, defining the story for us in terms of a dingy white-tiled madhouse that should be hosed more often, provides a solid means to help us see the play outside our daily perceptions, and designer Emile Douglas seems to have worked in solid league with director Schneider.

Though the cast may sometimes be weak musically, the performers maintain an overall effectiveness that is quite distinguished for its harmony. Kene Holliday's Rogzhin, though uneven, matches peak for peak with Kim's Prince in their scenes together, and Alice White's Madame Yepanchin is an amiably distracted figure, whose presence helps balance the inherent frantic nature of the script.

Montgomery's script, while always rich, is something less than perfect in the second act. There is a digression on gerbils which seems to purposefully denigrate the entire theatre experience; at any rate, it fails to add to the performance, for we've confronted and accepted the arbitrary elements of the production throughout the evening, and we don't need to be taught a comic lesson on the unimportance of it all.

As it stands right now, SUBJECT TO FITS is the most valuable performance in Washington, and for the first time this season, I'm urging people of all theatre tastes to see a play, this play. +++++

THE PHILANTHROPIST BY CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON at Washington Theatre Club

HAD THIS PLAY been adapted for American audiences by, say, Woody Allen, and had he acted the central role of Philip, it might have been a more accessible evening of theatre. As it is, this pseudo-farce of Christopher Hampton's was somehow lost for me in the performance.

British comedies, particularly stage comedies as opposed to film, are on a very different wave-length from American comedies, even when they feature such staples of the American comic scene as assassinations and random violence, as THE PHILANTHROPIST does. Making that wave-length mesh with both American actors and American audiences is very difficult, and this production in no way pulls off that feat.

After the crisply directed LEMON SKY at Theatre Club last month, THE PHILANTHROPIST is distinctly disappointing in that department as well. For the greater part of the second act, characters aimlessly stroll around the set, apparently looking for something to do while they remember their lines.

THE PHILANTHROPIST is not the high point of the Theatre Club's season, and in spite of some interesting lines and ideas, I have no idea whether the play is any good at all. +++++

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FICTION

by G. Haynes

Bulletin • Bulletin • Bulletin

Floyd Collins, an obscure Kentuckian, is trapped in the cave!
 Yes, that's right, he's trapped in the cave 125 feet below the surface, one foot having been pinned by a rockslide as he was slithering along a narrow passage-way looking for tourist attractions not 5 miles from Mammoth Cave.
 W.B. Miller, a reporter and a wiry, tough little bird, will be interviewing Floyd and keeping everyone posted on the progress of the rescue. Newspapers across the country will put the story on page 1, large crowds will be attracted to the site, food concessions will be built, a tent city erected, national guard with bayonets called in to restrain the folks. No doubt Floyd will be found dead, probably on the 18th day, and his foot will have to be cut off so the body can be gotten out.

But stay alert, and we'll see what transpires:

* * *

We were stopped at "Apples" when we heard about Floyd Collins in the cave. "What a rotten break," Harry probably said, or some such easily forgotten and hardly-felt grunt as he went about cracking pieces out of his orchard-fresh apple. The apple lady smiled at us a bit vacantly, black hair whipping about an oval face as winds savagely zoomed up the valleys into her whitewashed roadside shed.

We were at "Apples" when we caught the news about Floyd Collins trapped in the cave. The apple lady, who had already heard the news earlier that day (actually she had heard it 2 days ago when the story first broke), sold me an apple that I could see myself in. Harry crunched out a sizeable piece from his giant pome, sloshed goo down his chin chewing, then spit 2 or 3 tiny bits on me as he said, "Rotten break," or some such easily-forgotten grunt one feels obliged to offer more in politeness than any urge to communicate sympathy. No doubt Harry chose those frosted moments atop the mountain as we stood before the huge barrel in which the Apple lady was dispensing fruit and cider (by the cup, by the quart, by the gallon) to consider the rich.

The Rich,

Not so the narrator of this dispatch. I could see Floyd Collins pinned in the cave, I could see myself hoisting 300 tons of rock so that he might crawl out saved. The earth itself holding him by that one foot.



Miners toil, and "You Are There".

WOODWIND wire photo.

We were at "Apples" when we caught the news about Floyd Collins trapped in the cave. In those frosted moments, as the wind howled up from the valleys all orcharded and into the huge whitewashed barrel in which the apple lady stood dispensing her fruits and juice while her black hair whipped like flames around her ivory face, Harry sloshed goo down his chin chewing, spitting bits of apple at me when he talked, and I thinking in foggy ways about the weight of the earth itself pinning Floyd Collins by one foot, time passing for us in cloud movements or the burst of cold breezes or the level of cider in our cups lowering, in those moments Floyd Collins was being found dead after 18 miserable days in the cave.

His foot was amputated. His body was removed.

His wife wept. Dogs howled in the hollows, while whooshes of whipping wind warned of wild dark storms lurking behind the thunders.

Nothing of the sort happened. He was pulled out dead, we in the meantime paying our nickels to the apple lady whose green eyes made me fart. As Harry considered the rich,

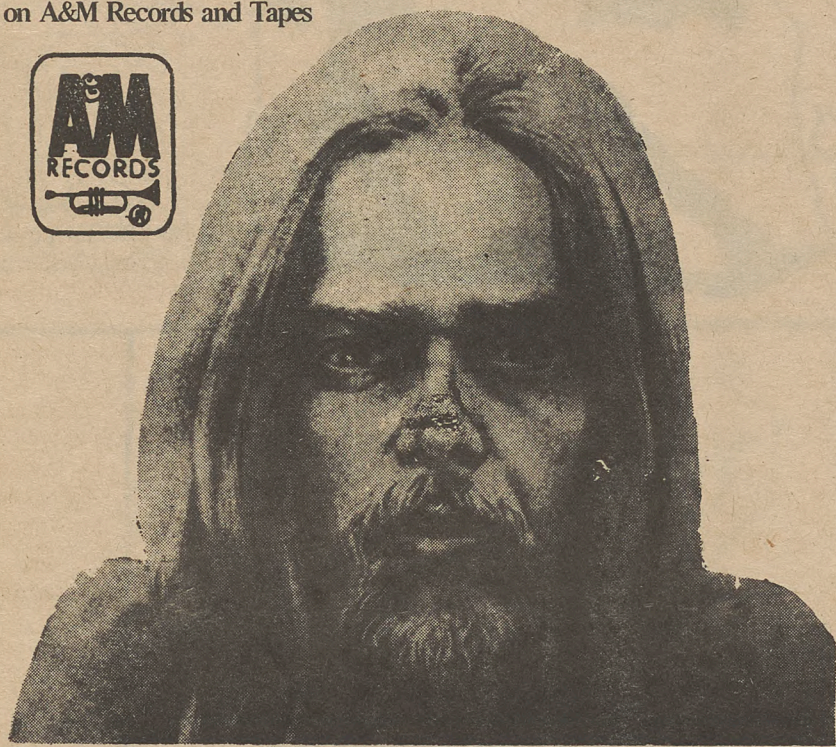
The Rich,

his custom, I considered Floyd Collins' foot left for ever under 6,000,000, 000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons of rock, mud, and smegma, while chiselled and worked rock in the passageway weathered at the rate of 1/16 inch every 40 million years until etc.

When the Volkswagen doors smash shut, the apple ladies, as I have learned, recede in both spatial and cognitive reality, and we resume our trip to Sylvania.

* * * * *

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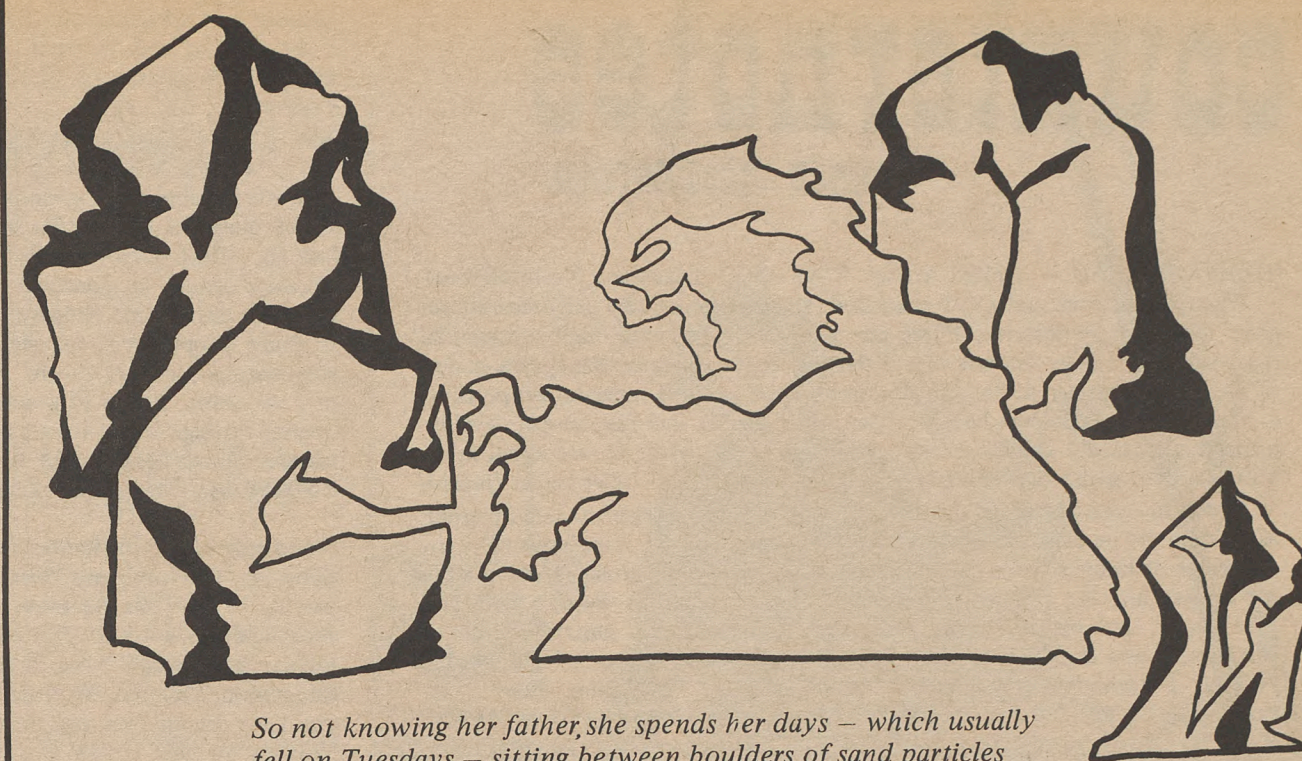
**SHADY GROVE
 MUSIC FAIR**



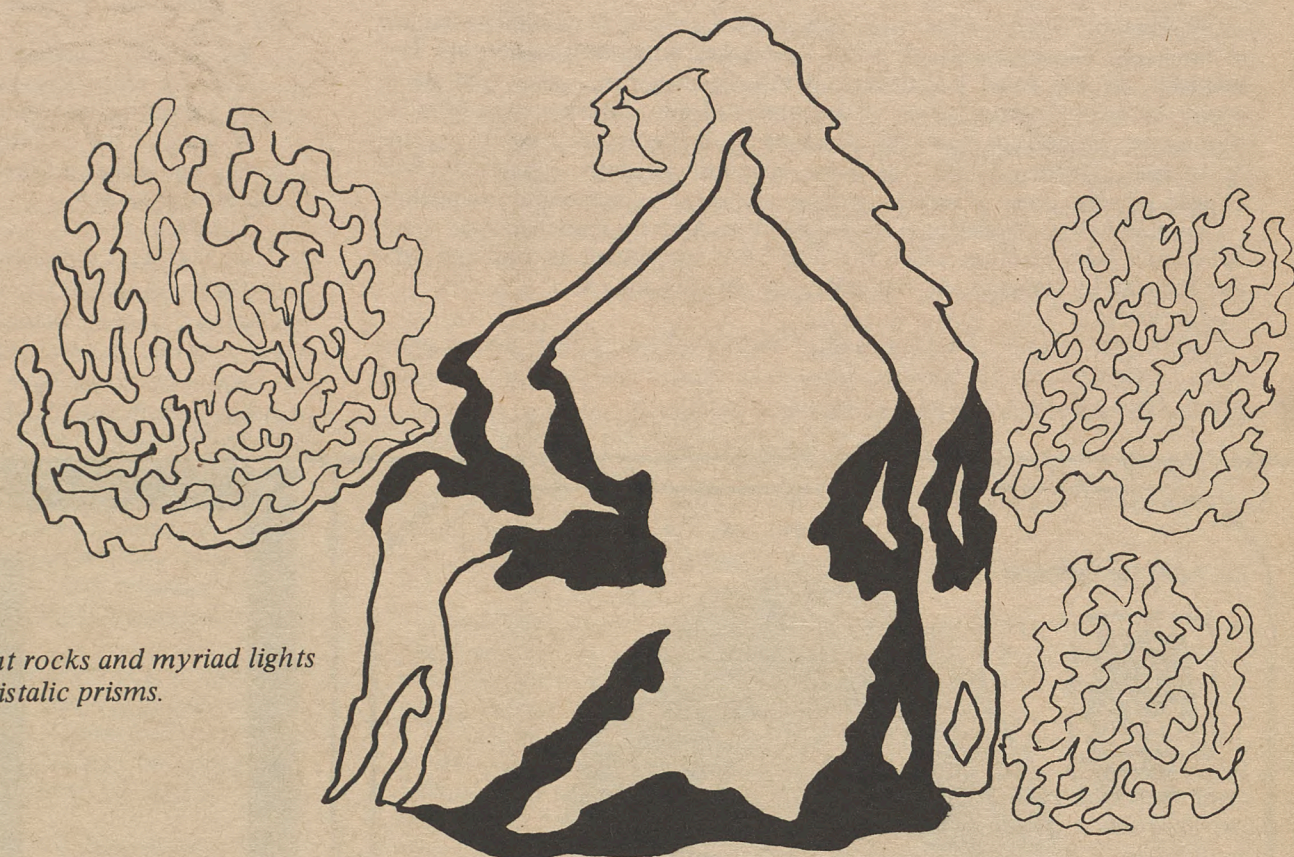
Every Tuesday, and almost every day – but not quite – a maiden lives with her father on the beach.



But he could not reach her and wonders why she is so very small when he is tremendously tall.



So not knowing her father, she spends her days – which usually fell on Tuesdays – sitting between boulders of sand particles.



Her world was a confusion of great rocks and myriad lights and colors that moved through cristalic prisms.



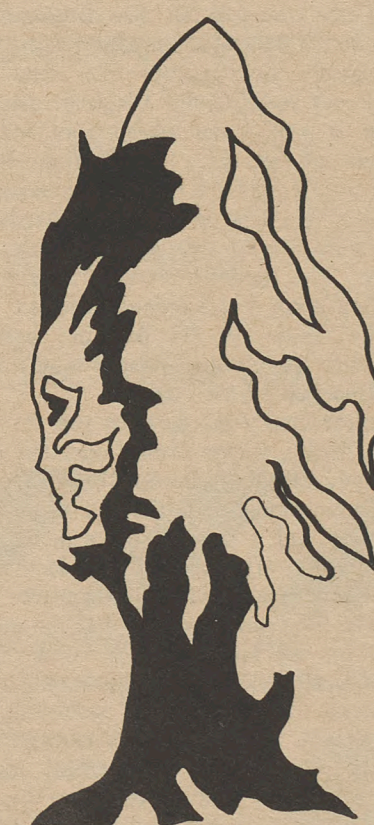
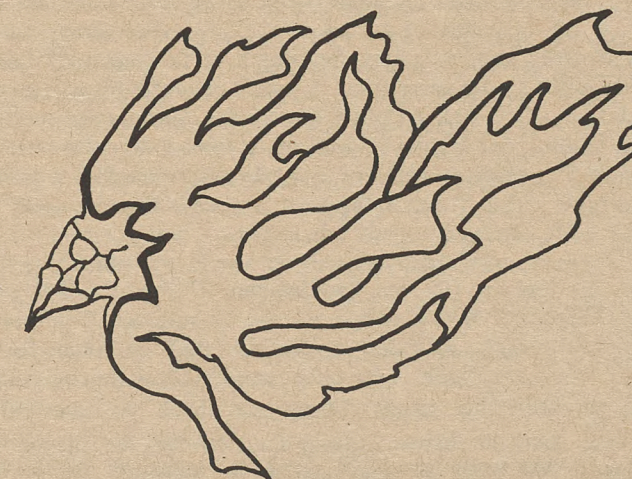
She wondered about the many stories she had heard vibrating on the winds about saviour princess that roamed the world searching for damsels that were lost, stranded or otherwise in distress.



She considered that they were always given impossible tests, yet one was always virtuously victorious – by using Black Magic or other trickery. She did not want to be found, relocated or otherwise saved.



But she often wondered who chose among so many saviours which were to fail their task and which were to magically win.



And why was not it up to the princess to say who, – why, – and what would save her?

counternotes

BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

EDDIE COCHRAN — United Artists UAS 9959 (Legendary Masters Series).

When 'fifties rock and roll is discussed, all too often Eddie Cochran is never given the credit he deserved. Eddie was a supremely talented, highly influential musician of his times. He was one of the very best rockers of that special period of uniquely American music. His popularity never reached superstar proportions in this country, (although he was a giant in England), and his musical development was tragically ended in 1960 at the age of 22, when he was killed in an auto accident which also severely injured fellow rock and roller Gene Vincent.

It was ten years after his death that Cochran's name began to pop up again, as modern artists began to acknowledge their roots. In the past couple of years, a number of Eddie's tunes have been recorded by current artists, most notably his biggest hit, the classic "Summertime Blues", recorded by The Who and Blue Cheer, and played by every rock and roll band with guitars and amps. Also, there was Rod Stewart's version of "Cut Across Shorty", NRBQ doing "C'mon Everybody", the Flamin' Groovies with "Something Else", and Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen, who recorded "Twenty Flight Rock."

The Who in particular were heavily influenced by Eddie Cochran. To see where Peter Townshend's guitar style comes from, for instance, listen to early Link Wray records. (And Cochran's.) To see where The Who's early "My Generation" tough kids attitude came from, listen to Eddie Cochran's music. Much of Eddie's attitude was that of a leather jacketed, snot nosed, greasy punk who tried to get along as best he could in teenage 1950's America. He was very concerned with not only singing about his own experiences, problems, and frustrations, but that of his whole generation. The Who picked up on this idea and applied it admirably to 1966 England, and to some extent still do it today. ("Baba O'Riley", "Won't Get Fooled Again", "Tommy", for Chrissakes.) Strangely enough, they are one of the few groups who try to direct their music to a particular age group, as did Cochran. (Alice Cooper is another obvious example.)

But Cochran, along with Chuck Berry, gave the best view of what it was like to be a teenager in the 1950's America; and possibly Eddie's views were the most valid, since he was a teenager, and Berry was an observer, though a damn good one. "Summertime Blues" probably best reflects that, a perfect anthem for a generation which will never lose its appeal. "Sittin' In The Balcony," his first hit, is not an anthem by any means, but it is an accurate picture of what things were like back then, although it musically doesn't stand up today the way "Summertime Blues" does. Because most of it was relevant only to the 1950's, very little is suitable for modern re-working. Most bands couldn't do much with "Who Can I Count On" or "Thinkin' About You." But for their time they are priceless. Which leads us to the realization that a package such as this cannot be judged on 1970's musical terms, but only on their value for the time they were recorded, although we can now see his great influence on current artists.

There are 30 songs on this double set, and while you could argue that some are of "filler" quality, an accurate portrait of Eddie Cochran the musician is here for all who want it and if you like rock and roll you should have it.

For all of his timeliness, Eddie was also unmistakably ahead of his time. Unlike many of his peers, he concerned himself with the total music picture, from the songwriting to recording to business. His style often freely borrowed from others; especially his vocal style, which came across as cross between Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly. But, his records were quite different from those of his contemporaries. He was a good songwriter who could come up with meaningful lyrics, something which was lacking in most rock and roll records of his time. He was also a fine guitarist whose sharp style was more prominent on records than many other rockers who featured piano and horns, both of which are mixed back in Eddie's records. He also developed an understanding of the recording studio and got interested in session work, and overdubbed his guitar on some sides, a scarcely used practice then. And the saccharine strings which plagued so many rock songs of the 'fifties are also blissfully absent in his work. It all came down to crisp, tough, vibrant rock and roll.

It's all here in this set, too; "Summertime Blues," "C'mon Everybody," "Somethin' Else," (and also the original, unreleased first studio version of the song, called "Let's Get Together"), a fine version of the classic "Milk Cow Blues," and beautiful hits of the day for others, like "Blue Suede Shoes," and "Long Tall Sally." Plus hard drivers like "Skinny Jim," which is kicked along by some pounding Jerry Lee Lewis-style piano. There are also some strictly period pieces like "Sittin' In The Balcony" and "Pink Pegged Slacks," and some definite yawns like "Fourth Man Theme" and his rather silly version of Ray Charles' "Hallelujah I Love Her So."

One of the most interesting parts of this set is "Three Stars," which is a tribute to Buddy Holly, Richie Valens, and the Big Bopper, who were killed in a plane crash only 14 months before Cochran's death. Musically it's not much but it is a highly emotional song, (he and Holly were close friends). His voice chokes up at times, and it is much more moving than the plethora of songs which appeared in the aftermath of the deaths of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. It is all the more eerie when you consider how soon after Cochran himself would die. The liner notes explain that the song was originally recorded to collect royalties for the families of the three men, but was never released. Its three minutes plus length was also unusual for the time.

This album is part of United Artists' ambitious, highly commendable Legendary Masters Series. It, like the three others recently released, (Jan and Dean, Ricky Nelson, and Fats Domino) was carefully assembled, with five large pages of exhaustive biographical liner notes (these by the great Lenny Kaye) and photos (such as a wallet-type photo of Eddie and a hammed-up tough guy picture of Eddie and Gene Vincent). The liner notes tell you everything you would want to know of Cochran's career and background, from his childhood to his death. The songs do the rest.

This type of major reissue series can only be continued if it is supported, because it is obviously not cheap to do well. The record and liner notes give you a very special look at what one man, and an entire generation, was like. The autographed picture on the back cover sums it up: "Don't forget me, Eddie Cochran."

FM & AM — George Carlin — Little David LD 7214

Comedy albums are a real problem. Whereas live music is vastly different than studio music, at least studio music is a separate medium which doesn't have to lose any effect over live music if it is recorded properly. But live comedy, visual comedy, cannot be doctored to fit the recorded medium. You tape it, try to catch the excitement, (hopefully there is some) and hope that it is funny enough to make people want to listen. An obvious exception to this concept is the sophisticated comedy of the Firesign Theatre, who depend on the intricacies of a recording studio to produce their highly special brand of comedy. But of course, Firesign is not bang-bang-ha-ha comedy, and that is the type of comedy we are talking about. That is the kind of comedy on this album, but it is a thinking man's bang-bang-ha-ha comedy.

Outside of the difficulties in transferring the immediacy of comedy to records there are also problems once the listener actually gets the record and starts playing it. The bits wear out fast. As few as three listenings and you may be thoroughly sick of it. The only "comedy" albums that don't apply to that theory are Firesign Theatre and to some extent Cheech and Chong and the Congress of Wonders. With the rest, though, it can be trouble. Especially when you have friends over and they want to hear the album and you are sick of it. You try to hide it like you'd try to hide a lid from a narc's bloodhound. I remember that problem coming up quite a bit last year with an album by the Conception Corporation. But soon your friends get tired of it too or maybe you can just give it away. Maybe it would be a good idea to organize a nationwide trade-in-a-comedy-album club.. That way when someone in Washington is sick of the Conception Corporation he can trade it to someone in Keokuk, Iowa for Richard Nixon Superstar.



Well, this doesn't happen so soon with George Carlin's new album. I'm not sick of it yet, but I'm sure I'll get there in due time. It's a very funny, well done album, but I just know that I'm going to get sick of it.

The really interesting thing about this new album is that George Carlin has completely changed his image from a very funny straight comedian to a very hip comedian. You can tell he's had it all along, but now the change is more easily apparent from the length of his hair and style of clothes to the material he's now performing. I wasn't aware of his change until seeing him live last June at the Cellar Door (those shows, incidentally, are the performances on this album) and I enjoyed him more than I ever did on all those Ed Sullivan shows. The change is really successful, too; he handles topical humor beautifully and takes a stab at many facets of American life, especially sex, drugs, and the media. He carries it all off admirably.

He incorporates many aspects of his old act, which was after all very popular into his new act, the old standbys like Al Sleet the Hippy-Dippy Weatherman and Wonderful WINO radio and the everpresent Tondolea Breckinridge, and you can't forget Biff Barf in the Biff Barf Spotlight Spotlight. All of that stuff is on the "AM" side. The more topical humor is on the "FM" side. It's an interesting, novel concept. Ironically, it's not all that accurate to assume that the harder hitting material will be played on FM radio just because AM radio wouldn't touch it. Evidently Carlin and the producers of this record aren't aware of just how paranoid and puritanical most FM programmers are. Actually, his routines on "Sex In Commercials" and "Drugs" (that looks weird putting them in quotation marks, but that's the name of the bits on the record) are so insightful that it would be a shame if FM radio didn't play them. Most of this record can be played on FM radio without any hassles and speaking from a strictly programming point of view, the whole album is really a natural for airplay to be built around music. If you are an imaginative programmer you can do a lot of great things with this album.

So there definitely is a lot here; Carlin's hilarious take-offs on TV newscasts, a nifty routine all built around the word "shit," bits on Ed Sullivan and Let's Make A Deal and a really well done spoof on Top 40 radio. I'm sure that FM AND AM offers a lot more to the listener than most comedy records and it's staying power is a lot greater, but there always is that chance that three weeks from now it will be well hidden when the company arrives. +++++

Phase to Phase with Steve Reich

By Jonathan Eberhart

Heigh Ho, nobody home?
Food nor drink nor money have I none?
Still I will be merry?
Heigh ho, nobody home...

It's a round. So are "Three Blind Mice", "Frere Jacques", "Scotland's Burning", and even, according to some, "My Father Killed a Kangaroo" ("...Gave me the grisly parts to chew; Oh, what a terrible thing to do, to give me to chew the grisly parts of a dead kangaroo..."). Young people have been singing them for centuries, even though a round is usually nothing more than the simplest of melodies, sung (or played) by several performers out of phase with one another. The point is that repeating the same melody against itself slightly delayed, or out of phase, can create new rhythms and harmonies, and can emphasize sounds and ideas that don't show up in a solo version of the tune.

Steve Reich is a phase fanatic. Since the middle 1960's, the now-35-year-old composer has been exploring the new sounds—Reich might well be expected to call them "revelations", so great are their unexpectedness and variety—that result from sliding a melody, or any repeated sound pattern, across itself in a kind of continuously variable round.

His basic technique is simple. Imagine two people singing the same tune, or even saying the same words (one of Reich's compositions uses nothing but the phrase "It's gonna rain", spoken on a tape loop) over and over again, in unison. Then, very, very slowly, one of the performers begins to lag behind the other—still singing (or speaking) at exactly the same speed, but starting slightly later. As the time delay increases, the results are uncanny.

The first thing you are likely to notice is that the "s's" seem to be hissing a bit, and perhaps the "h's" are getting a little smudgy, like a properly-pronounced German "ich". This can result from a time lag, or phase difference, between the two voices of as little as a few hundredths of a second. As the phase shifts further, the voices still sound like a single one, but with a little reverberation added. (A remarkable characteristic of Reich's pieces, in fact, is that they sound as though he is resorting to all sorts of elaborate electronic processing, while nothing is really happening but simple, mechanical phase shifting.) The pseudo-reverberation increases until after a while, the original tune or phrase begins to get lost under all the new pulses and intervals created by the sliding phase. The new sounds can resemble anything from a complicated percussion ensemble, with words completely unrecognizable as human sounds, to primitive chanting in some long-forgotten (in fact, never-existent) language.

A couple of years ago, Reich began to take an increasing interest in the potential of actual percussion instruments for his phasing technique. Drums for example, have a pitch, that is they play a certain note, and they have a wide range of toné qualities—a hollow boom, say compared to a sharp rap. They do not, however, have the well-developed "formants" (essentially the sounds of vowels and consonants) that make up speech. Neither do they have the ability of most other instruments to hold a note long enough for a clear sense of harmony to appear. This means that the main component of a drum phrase is the rhythmic pulse itself, which is the essence of what changes as Reich's phase shifting takes place. Rather like cleaning out the seeds and stems, so you can evaluate the effect of the Pure Stuff.

During the summer of 1970, the composer spent some time in West Africa studying drumming with a master drummer of the Ewe tribe of Ghana. Ghana is only one of numerous African countries that make use of rhythms that virtually do not exist until one or more other rhythms are played against one another. In Uganda, for example, there is a style of playing in which two musicians face each other across a huge xylophone called an akadinda; one plays a given tune, while the other plays in the rhythmic "cracks" between the notes of the first. The result is still a third tune, with its own rhythmic and melodic characteristics, of which the two original tunes are seen as mere components. As if to prove the point, a third musician plays along, duplicating the new tune an octave higher on the same instrument. Also, particularly in West Africa, such as in Ewe and Yoruba music, there are a finite number of simple, standardized rhythm patterns; these, however, can be overlapped on one another, in different phase relationships, to create entirely new and much more sophisticated rhythms.

Only three of Reich's compositions are readily available in America. "It's Gonna Rain" appears on a Columbia recording (MS 7265), along with another piece entitled "Violin Phase". In this, a simple 12-beat ditty is recorded as a conventional, kid-style three-part round; violinist Paul Zukofsky, in what is surely a monumental feat of time control, then plays live along with the taped round, performing the gradual phase shift himself. (For most of his experiments, however, Reich has developed an electronic device called a pulse gate to handle the phase shifting chores among a group of tapes.) The third composition is "Come Out" (Odyssey 32-16-0160), in which the words "...come out to show them..." are split into two sliding-phase voices, then four and finally eight, in a mesmerizing musical canon from which it is almost impossible to escape before its natural conclusion.

On Saturday, February 26, Reich and an ensemble of five other musicians are scheduled to appear in concert at Washington's Renwick Gallery, 17th St. and Pennsylvania Ave., sponsored by the Smithsonian Associates and the Division of Performing Arts. The program will include, besides three of Reich's other phase works, half of a major piece called "Drumming", which took more than a year to compose and rehearse. Reich is an exciting innovator, largely because he is making available to the listener in-depth explorations of a technique so simple, yet so fruitful, that it seems almost like a process of nature. +++++



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THE BLOOD ORANGES by John Hawkes. New Directions Books, 1971, 271 pp., hardcover \$6.95, paper \$1.95.

Reviewed by Judy Willis

Happily, the paper edition of this novel is being brought out in March, very soon after its publication in hardcover. The publication of books simultaneously or close together in "cloth" and paper is a welcome trend in publishing. Though I'm not so sure the publishers welcome it. They're not doing it out of altruism or egalitarianism. It's just that the only remaining buyers of hardbound books are libraries and those wealthy snobs (I don't know any, do you?) who must shelve their private libraries in cloth. The rest of us wait until it comes out in paper. And if it never comes out in paper, we borrow it from the public library.

John Hawkes is one of those writers whom the general reading public has never heard of, but who is well-known in literary triangles. Hawkes' previous five novels, which are also available in paper, have been considered too esoteric to be best-sellers. If THE BLOOD ORANGES is not a best-seller, it will not be because it is too esoteric, but because it is too good. Now how's that for cultural snobbery? I'm caught in the dilemma of wanting to believe in democratic art while being disgusted with the results of popular choice: novels like the amateurishly-written THE EXORCIST being number one on the Best Seller List forever. Of course the List is made up of cloth books, and since only rich slobbs are buying them, maybe it's not really an example of popular choice. But then what about WGMS-AM?

I'm putting off telling what the novel is about, because it's not really about what it's about. But I don't suppose you'll let me get away with this much longer. The subject matter of the novel is two middle-aged, English-speaking, probably American, married couples: Cyril and Fiona, Hugh and Catherine. They are living in some Mediterranean country, maybe Greece, where they become Cyril and Fiona and Hugh and Catherine and Cyril and Fiona and Hugh. It's not husband-swapping or "swinging," because they end up not only in each others' beds, but in each others' lives. As you might guess, there is plenty of sex for the literarily unenlightened to hang onto in the novel's stylistically strange world. It is also entirely possible that readers of pedantic literary magazines will also enjoy such sex scenes as this:

"I could understand Hugh's affected lack of gratitude, could enjoy his efforts to conceal his feelings on seeing Fiona without her bra. And of course Hugh could not possibly know that I was well aware of the fact that he had already seen Fiona's naked breasts.... And I realized also that Hugh did not know that already I was as familiar with Catherine's naked breasts as he was with Fiona's.... Was he then thoughtless? Selfish?... Certainly he must have known that it was up to him, not me, to unfasten Catherine's overly modest halter and take it off. What was holding him back? Could he not see that Catherine herself was puzzled, uncomfortable? Could he deliberately mean to embarrass his wife and to tamper with the obviously intended symmetry of our little scene on the beach?"

The essence of the novel is not in its story, but in the point of view of Cyril, the first person narrator, who considers himself as a "sex-singer," a "sex-aesthetician." In fact, this is all we know about Cyril: he is middle-aged, and both he and his world are pan-sexual. Although his chief concern in life is sex, it is sex not gulped down like a quick beer but savored like the first sip of '06 Chambertin. He has no occupation other than sex at the time of the novel, although his references in Latin to the trees and flowers of the field made me guess that he probably used to be a botanist. Or else Pan. For all I know, the whole thing could be one of those Greek/Roman legends in modern day undress. But it doesn't really matter.

The novel is suffused with the languid language of exotic eroticism a little like Lawrence Durrell's. There is a feeling that the whole world, from the narrator to the black stones on which the four lovers sunbathe, is sexual. THE BLOOD ORANGES is also reminiscent of Durrell's ALEXANDRIA QUARTET in its slow unfolding of reality. I don't mean that as in the QUARTET reality turns out to be that reality depends on your point of view. No, what I'm talking about is the lure of a mystery, and the slow solving of that mystery. Even though, at the beginning of THE BLOOD ORANGES, you know the outcome has been tragic, you do not know how or why. Hawkes uses repeating flashbacks and flashforwards in which distant past, near past, and present events are alternated - not necessarily in the order in which they occurred - to reveal the details of the how and why, sweet morsel by sweet morsel. What seems at first to be random use of words, colors, references to beaches, fields, churches, can be seen in the end as the forshadowing parts of the organic whole of the novel. This sounds like it is getting very technical, but I only thought of the technical things after I read the novel. While reading, I was totally a part of that sensual world of Cyril and Fiona and Hugh and Catherine. And Rosella. But Cyril (Fiona tells Hugh: "Cyril is virile, baby.") never does get to sleep with Rosella.

It was delightful to be in virile Cyril the sex-singer's world for however many hours it was. I've promised myself that I'll go back and read John Hawkes' earlier books some year. When I retire to a sweaty sweet Mediterranean isle.



Photograph by Olive Pierce

John Hawkes

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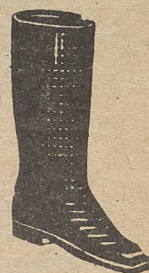
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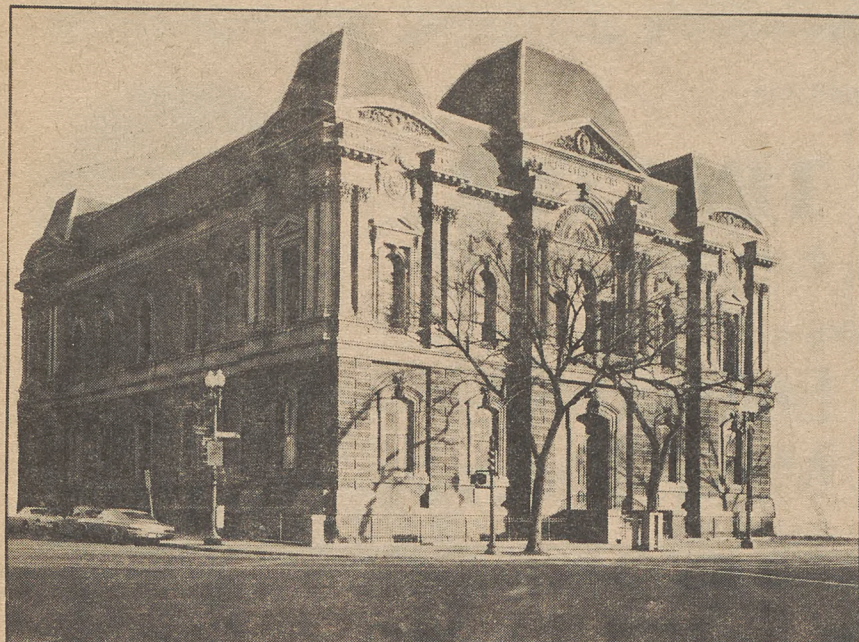
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RENWICK GALLERY REOPENS

By JOHN BURGESS



There's a new, old gallery in Washington. The Renwick Gallery, on the corner of 17th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, was commissioned in 1858 as one of the country's first art museums. It has again opened, last month, as one of the country's newest and finest museums.

Dedicated to American design, arts, and crafts, the Renwick is marvelous — even awe-filling — in the masterful use of juxtaposition in its exhibits. There's contrast between the old and the new, the venerably aged and the sleekly plastic, the hallowed and the profane, the majestic and the minute. Where else, except in Georgetown, can one find the sensuously smooth, polished woodwork, with which "old Washington" abounds, set next to a black leather motorcycle jacket from Long Island? 17th Century porcelain, 19th Century tinware (teware) and 20th Century Steuben ware? Coke bottles and carved rhinoceros horn?

The Renwick has opened with two permanent exhibits and eight temporary ones. A further exhibit, however, the structure, itself, is perhaps the finest.

The Renwick, through its hundred year history, has had an honorable and varied story of its own. The building was started before the Civil War, but not opened until 1871. During the war, while it was still incomplete, the building served as the headquarters and warehouse for the Quartermaster Corps of the Union Army. From its opening, until 1897, the Corcoran Gallery was housed there; the lack of space for the quickly growing collection forced the development of a new gallery at the site of the present Corcoran. From 1899 to 1964, the building housed the U.S. Court of Claims. It was vacated as a "crumbling eyesore" due to the effects of pollution, poor repairs and general neglect. Nearly 90 percent of the ornamentation of the intricately worked edifice had been destroyed.

In 1965, President Johnson decided the fate of the building. Acting on the advice of S. Dillon Ripley, of the Smithsonian, and architect J. Carl Warnecke and Associates — who also designed the new Georgetown University Lauinger Library — the President ordered the building restored to its original appearance and function. This was done over a period of five years at the cost of \$2.6 million; one of the wisest investments to be found in the city.

The best catalogued exhibit to start your tour with is the one which deals with the architect himself, "James Renwick in Washington." Renwick's versatility and his touch of madness are well represented in this display of some of his Washington buildings: the Gallery, — in "Renaissance" or "French Second Empire Style" — the Smithsonian Institution Building — "the Castle on the Mall" — the chapel at Oak Hill Cemetery, and the extensions to the now demolished house of William W. Corcoran.

The two permanent exhibits also deal with the Gallery. These two rooms have been restored to their original state and refurbished with period furniture of the latter part of the 19th Century. The Octagon Room, furnished through the help of the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, is a small, but entrancing, room. The too-many angles and unbelievably high ceiling create an optical illusion, of sorts, causing the viewer to be uncertain of true dimensions. Nevertheless, the paintings, drapes, and rugs give off a very comfortable sense of intimacy.

The Grand Salon, however, is stark and imposing, even with its numerous displays. Well lit by an enormous skylight, the Salon is dominated by a pair of vases, ten feet tall, that were made in Berlin to commemorate the Centennial of the United States. The walls of the Salon are hung with many of the paintings displayed there almost a hundred years ago when the building served as the original Corcoran Gallery.

The most enjoyable exhibit, to my mind, is "Woodenworks", a collection of 50 furniture objects made by five 20th Century American craftsmen — Arthur Carpenter (Espenet), Wendell Castle, Wharton Esherick, Sam Maloof, and George Nakashima.

I must admit that I approached this exhibition with some alacrity, furniture not being one of my great interests. I was soon brought to the realization that I'm not always aware of what I like. The beauty of several of the pieces was such that I was sorely tempted to stroke and explore them.

The work of Sam Maloof had a most pronounced effect on me. His work shows a level of craftsmanship that is surprising. One piece, a cradle-hutch designed for his daughter-in-law, is nothing less than exquisite. I actually covet it. The color of the walnut — Maloof's chosen medium — is light, but rich. The smoothness of the curves and finish is evocative in its sensuality. A second piece which I would also willingly own, though God knows what I would do with it, is a double music stand; graceful yet firm, visually delicate and balanced yet obviously functional (at least for some.)

Wharton Esherick, who died in 1970, is represented by sixteen objects. One of these, a corner desk made in 1931, also captured my eye and greed. The

desk, reminiscent of a rolltop desk, is resplendent in angles. Its sharp lines jut out of it in the most unexpected way but are never distracting or jagged. The wonderfully articulated top folds down and forms part of the writing surface. Pigeon holes and drawers are arranged in a most improbable manner.

Several of the creations by Wendell Castle are also pleasant, though not as stirring as those mentioned above. His "three seater with carved base" is an interesting work in laminated wood. Too, there is his music rack, the making of which produced a half-hour film, aptly called "The Music Rack." This film will shown at the Gallery on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, from 11 am to 3 pm, during the span of the exhibition.

I would suggest that you try to see this display sometime during the next several months as it is leaving the Renwick on July 9.

"Design is . . .," the first exhibit one comes across when he enters the Renwick, is perhaps the most joyous in its statement. It is truly an exaltation of America. It is also this exhibit which plays most upon the device of juxtaposition. Here, neatly enclosed within clear plastic, seven foot tall tubes, one finds everyday utensils of the Shakers, simple in form and construction, but vocal in their affirmation of simplicity and utility. Here is a condensed history of the development of the broadcast microphone, of flyers' helmets. Here, too is a handmade violin of the late 19th Century, unlike any violin you have ever seen. In still another tube are examples of the art of Louis Henry Sullivan, "the father of the skyscraper"; balusters, doorknobs, a beautifully engraved escutcheon plate. Here, too, are found artifacts which duplicate nature in forms and functions; "street furniture;" a Tiffany vase; Indian tools; "disposables," technologically beautiful, but — admittedly — ecologically and aesthetically dangerous in their convenience.

"The Glass of Frederick Carder" is a display that will run for two years. It was organized by the Curator of Glass and Ceramics of the Smithsonian, Paul V. Gardener. His book, of the same title, has just been issued by Crown Publishing of New York and the Corning Museum of Glass.

Even though you may not find yourself "excited" about glassware, decorative or functional, this display is fascinating in that it tells the story of a man completely enthralled by an artistic medium. Many of the examples show great advances in the technique and science of the craft. Some are interesting as the first modern specimens of glass cast by the *cire perdue* process.

Just the colors of the various pieces warrant a brief walk through the exhibit. The viewer's eye is tickled by shimmering opalescence, warmed by deep garnet and blue, lightened by a sunnier yellow than has been seen in Washington for many months. But most compelling are the small, massive globes — paperweights — of Millefiore; clear but black, too; precise in the placement and arrangement of colored particles, but soft and smooth in the gentle swirls and meldings of those same particles.

"Pueblo Pottery: Zuni and Acoma Designs from Smithsonian Collections" is an exhibition showing how the materials and processes of pottery-making in the pueblos influenced the size and shape of the pots and why particular decorative embellishments — abstract bird designs, deer with arrows from mouth to heart, floral motifs, etc. — were given them.

Though this exhibit is somewhat dry in its scholarly presentation, it is informative, but not too surprising, to note that there are distinct and indentifying differences in the styles of the different communities. It is also interesting to learn the role that the Spaniards, who settled in New Mexico in 1598, played in the categorization of the various types and styles of pottery. This exhibit will run until January, 1973.

"American Architecture: Photographs by the Late Frank Roos" has the shortest run of all the temporary exhibitions: it leaves the Renwick on March 24, so please try to see it.

This display of black and white photographs of 80 buildings from the Colonial period through the early 20th Century, has the misfortune of being placed in a room which has other than proper lighting. At noontime, when I visited it, many of the pictures were obscured by an intense glare from the windows facing the wide intersection of 17th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. With a bit of bobbing and weaving, though, the pictures can be seen.

To Roos, architecture meant documentation of the quality and type of life of our ancestors. It told the story of geographic and historic backgrounds. For reasons, he explored historic structures in detail, looking for the oddities of design which testified to the pattern of expanding cultural influences. It is Roos' meticulous approach, his willingness to wait an entire day to get the right lighting for one photograph, combined with his scholarship in art that make this display a distinct contribution to the history and culture of the country.

"The Four Continents" is the Renwick's first contribution to Washington's international community. "The Four Continents" refers to the allegorical decorative theme used by European craftsmen during the 17th, 18th and 19th Centuries, before the discovery of Australia. The 70 objects in this display include ceramics, porcelain, textiles, as well as stoneware and ostrich eggs.

Until the room which this display occupies has been set aside for non-American exhibitions, there was no provision in the Smithsonian's museums where they could be appropriately shown. Under consideration for the remainder of 1972 are exhibitions of contemporary Swedish textiles, Brazilian baroque religious and decorative objects, contemporary British industrial design, and works by Austrian sculptor Franz Barwig. A major Belgian painting exhibition is scheduled for 1973.

Now, we have the Renwick. We have, at last a place in which foreign exhibitions will be displayed. We have, at long last, a museum dedicated to American applied arts. Decorative arts, crafts, and design have played a most important part in the development of this country, but they have been largely ignored, in deference to "fine arts". With the Renwick as a permanent display case, this cultural factor will receive the attention and presentation that it deserves.

The Renwick Gallery is across Pennsylvania Avenue from the Executive Office Building—also an example of "French Second Empire Style", in case you ever wondered—and is less than five minutes walk from a dozen bus routes. It is open from 10am to 5:30pm every day of the year except Christmas. There is no admission charge.

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— THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"DEALING: OR THE BERKELEY-TO-BOSTON FORTY-BRICK LOST-BAG BLUES" ... succeeds on so many different levels that it never fails to entertain. The story revolves around a couple of dealers who get involved with corrupt policemen moonlighting as drug pushers. The plot sometimes seems far-fetched but Williams maintains the balance and keeps the story and the characters within reasonable limits. Williams is hip to a lot of the things that are going on and he loads his film with interior references to John Lennon and other cultural heroes and phenomena. Many people will miss these subtleties, for they serve as passwords without being pretentious.

The excitement is carefully structured to involve the audience to their maximum levels while remaining intelligent and soundly reasoned, and all the loose ends are neatly tied up. Actually the story is a kind of "French Connection" in reverse, with the good guys being the dealers and the bad guys being the police.

"DEALING" ... is fine entertainment that relates to our reality and supplies a fantasy stimulant that is accessible to the millions of freaks who get paranoid whenever a police car sneaks into view. This is a movie that works because young people were allowed to make it the way they wanted to."

— CRAWDADDY



DEALING: OR THE BERKELEY-TO-BOSTON FORTY-BRICK LOST-BAG BLUES



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ROBERT F. LYONS · Co-Starring CHARLES DURNING · JOY BANG · JOHN LITHGOW · ELLEN BARBER · Music by Michael Small
Screenplay by Paul Williams & David Odell · Produced by Edward R. Pressman · Directed by Paul Williams · Panavision® · Technicolor®

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IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAD,
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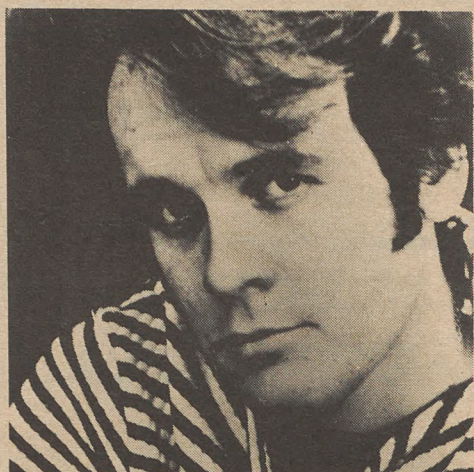
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